## THE CIVILIZED WORLD.

WITH SOME COMMENTS ON THE RELATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES TO EUROPE.

London, November 8.

The Easy Chair commentator of "The Spectator has a remark worth quoting on one or two current manifestations of sympathy between England and America. I will begin by saying that, if my guess as to his identity be right, he is one of the oldest and truest English friends of America. That he is not insensible to the greatness of the United States may be seen from his first sentence about "Great Britain and her greater descendant. The axiom wrapped up in these few words is obvious to us; less obvious to a good many Englishmen. Well, our friendly commentator is speak-ing of the various ties that bind the two countries

together, and he asks: "Are we to consider it another tie in that thain which unites the race when the Governor of New-York goes out to welcome Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien? To the unsophisticated mind this is a curious kind of brotherhood; and we wonder how the other nations would like it were we, for example, to receive a deputation from Alsace-Lorraine-which a great many of us sympathize with immensely-in this way,-the Lord Mayor of London going out to fetch them into the City, and the Aldermen presenting an address about the German schemes for exterminating the race!"

He imagines that, in these circumstances, the German Emperor might express his sentiments in a style very far from that which an affectionate grandson should use. The civilized world meantime -Mr. Gladstone's civilized world-would interchange a glance, a shrug of amazement, with a muttered: "What could you expect?" continues, and the attention of the Americans who care, or do not care, as the case may be, about foreign opinion, might be respectfully invited to

Perhaps, however, America can scarcely said in this respect to belong to the civilized She is too far out of reach of those snubs which are the natural punishment of the insolent. She is, like other millionaires, very sensitive about consideration for herself, very indifferent as to the feelings of others."

Mr. Gladstone would be appalled were he know that America is thus coolly ruled out of that civilized world of which, for his present Irish purposes, she is the most important part. But what have we ourselves to say to it? For I think we may take it for granted that the opinion thus expressed is a pretty general opinion here. Our behavior to England on the Irish question is not, perhaps, very deeply resented, buy why is it not? For two reasons chiefly, or two beside that spirit of friendliness to the United States which is certainly the spirit of the great majority of the people of this country. First, allowance is made for the Irish vote. Secondly, America makes no part of the European world, and ought not to be judged by European standards. The easy-chair writer might well, had he been less easy in his manner, have substituted European world for civilized world. His remark would thus have lost nothing in force and have gained much in accuracy.

I will take as an illustration of what I mean a less burning question than the Irish question. I mean the reception of the Comte de Paris in America. Only the embers of the question are now left. But we came dangerously near to giving deep and, I think, just offence to France. In the end, this was in great part avoided. It seems not to have occurred to the American mind, even the official mind, at first, that we had started out on a road where a few more steps might have brought about a serious breach between the one great Republic of Europe and the great Republic of America. We came to a halt just in time. But when they heard on the Quai d'Orsay that the chief Federal officer in New-York, the Collector of the Port of New-York, had gone down the Bay in a steamer to meet the Comte de Paris, what do you suppose the officials of the French Foreign Office thought?

Or what do you suppose we should have thought, and said too, if a civility of this kind had been offered by a European Power to Mr. Jefferson Davis at the crisis of the Rebellion? What did we say to the civilities that were actually analogy is exact; or as near being exact as any political analogy ever is. The Comte de Paris is the Jeff Davis of the French Republic, neither more nor less. True, he has not borne arms against his country, but that is solely because has never been able to organize an armed revolution. What we have to look at is the spirit, and the spirit of the two men, with reference to their respective countries and governments was precisely the same. Mr. Jefferson Davis will figure in history as the more respectable of the two. He had the courage of his convictions. He put his life to the touch; risked everything a man had to risk: future and carper as well as life. The Comte de Paris is, the other hand, the chief of secret conspiracy. He has been plotting for years against the Republic by every mean and underhand device. He was an accomplice of the most contemptible of all political conspiracies of modern times; that which went by the name of He has avowed it unblushingly. The aim of his life is the ruin of the Republic of France, and he is ceaselessly at work to attain it. He has been driven with ignominy from French soil as a man dangerous to the peace of the country and to the settled order of things, and to that form of government with which we in America have the deepest and most just respect. I speak of the Comte de Paris in his public

capacity and character, as Pretender to the Throne of France, and I have nothing to say about him as ex-aid-de-camp to General McClellan, or his torian of the Civil War in America, or as the private French gentleman whom private individuals chose to welcome and make much of. There was a moment when the report-I hope and elieve a false report-reached Europe that this Pretender to the Throne of France and enemy to the Republic of France was to be received by the President of the American Republic. Untrue as this report must have been, it was, I am afraid, believed for awhile. People said, if the Col'estor of New-York is allowed to offer him official civilities, where will the civilities stop? And then it was that, as a kind of saving clause and in order to excuse people who knew no better, they urged the plea which I quoted above for our English "The Americans are no part of the European world; they do not accept the European standard. If they choose to ignore every rule of international comity and of that public politeness which alone makes international intercourse possible,-why, it is their affair." It was possible to take that view in England. The Englishman knows how to make allowances and he understands us, as we understand him, better than either of us understands anybody else.

any such tolerant view would or could have been taken. If the doors of the White House or of the State Department had opened to the Comte de Paris, the least we could have expected would have been a diplomatic protest. The Paris press, the Republican section of it, which is by far the most respectable, would have rung with outcries against American hostility to France. sorts of lessons would have been read to us, and not in Paris only. Monarchical Europe would have looked on with a grin. "See how these Republican brethren love one another," would have been their cry. Or else, "What could you expect from Americans?" Which would have meant two things: that we had never learned the usages of the civilized world, and that we were such snobs as to be ready to grovel to a Prince

because he was a Prince. You may say the danger is over, if ever there ere any danger,-why go back to it? I go back to it because, as I said, it is, on one side, an illustration of that English remark about our reon of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien; and for another reason. Do we or do we not wish it to be said that we put ourselves beyond the civilized

pale? In matters of international import, where do we wish to stand? How far is the extreme American doctrine to be carried? Is it in fact, and broadly speaking, an American doctrine that we care nothing for the opinion of the civilized unless it happens to agree with ours? To set up a morality or Christianity of our own is, as I said the other day in writing about copyright, clearly impossible. It might not be impossible to acquire to ourselves a reputation for a kind of politeness in public affairs that should come to be called American. Do we wish that? Is it for our interest to be thought in Europe careless of conventionalities long established, contemptuous of courtesies and customs to which the proudest and the most refined of European nations have long since given their assent? I will venture to quote again Prince Bismarck's maxim: "It is better to be polite even in declaring war." Is it, then, less well to be polite when we mean to keep the

peace? For I suppose we do mean to live on terms of peace and friendship both with England and with France. If we do not, were it not better -more frank and honorable and American -to say we do not? We may think, if we choose, that English and French notions of conduct are old-fashioned, that they belong to the feudal period or the Dark Ages, or anything you like. But if we are going to abandon them let us say so. Until we say so we might consider whether we are playing the game according to the rules when we open our arms either to the Comte de Paris or to Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien in their present character of fugitives from justice and avowed enemies of the prefix of an adjective more supine than the "loyal" English Government.

## BY APPOINTMENT.

THE ROYAL TRADESMEN, THEIR BANQUET, THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND COLONEL HOWARD VINCENT.

London, November 12.

It is a good thing, or good from some points of view, to be a warrant-holder. Possibly you do not know what a warrant-holder is. A great part of the British public, till yesterday, did not know. They know now. It is the name given to themselves by a certain class of tradesmen commonly called royal tradesmen. The word royal is here applied to anything the connection of which with royalty can be affirmed or suggested; no matter how remote. Thus you may read of a royal train, or a royal carriage, or a royal footman; or, as we saw above, a royal tradesman. The term royal warrant-holders seems to spring from the fact that the right to use the magic words "by appointment" is conferred by royal warrant. Every American who has lounged through Bond-st. or Regent-st. or Piccadilly, must have noticed many shops over which flaunts a signboard with such an inscription as this: "To His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. By Appointment." And a triple tuft of feathers serves commonly as crown and crest to this motto.

If it be the American's first visit to London he very probably conceives the notion that a shop thus emblazoned must be honored with the personal patronage of the Prince. It is meant he should conceive this notion. Under the influence of such a belief be may enter the shop; expecting, perhaps, or hoping to meet the Heir to the Throne in the act of replenishing his wardrobe. He may have heard the story-current long since, whether true or not-of the 11 o'clock sherry and bitters which the Prince was said to have been wont to accept from the late Mr. Poole, of Savile Row He is pretty certain, in any case, to suppose that the tradespeople thus distinguished do really minister to the personal wants of the Queen's eldest son, or furnish the domestic supplies of Mariborough House. Some of them do; the great majority do not: and I imagine it might be a task of much difficulty to discriminate between those who do and those who do not. What really happens is this: that any tradesman who thinks it worth his while applies to the Controller of the Household of the Prince of Wales for a license to exhibit the legend above quoted; or, more strictly, for an appointment as royal tradesman. Those who do actually and regularly send in their goods to him or his establishment calls themselves also "Purveyors to His Royal Highness the Prince of offered to Messrs. Mason and Slidell? But I Wales." And I dare say there are other distincwill keep to the Jeff Davis analogy because the tions too subtle to be appreciated by the mere out-

Well, it is the custom among these worthy persons, thus appointed by warrant to this honorable distinction, to meet once a year and dine together; or, as they prefer to say, to hold a banquet. The festival occurs on the Prince's birthday and is established in his honor. There have been no less than thirty-two such banquets, so that they must have begun when the Prince was very young. The number of tradespeople privileged to participate in them now amounts to no less than 250; I suppose 250 different firms. Extravagant as we all know all monarchies and persons of royal birth to be, we shall hardly be able to suppose that the Prince does in fact deal regularly with all this large number. Warrants are issued without reference to the necessities of the Prince's household. It is understood that any firm of high standing may, upon payment of a fee, have a warrant. They seem to have formed among themselves some kind of an association or,-if one dare use the word with reference to shopkeepers of this exalted kind-trades-union. They have a secretary; an officer whom, when he receives no pay for his services, it is here the fashion to call an honorary secretary. This honorary and honorable post is held by Mr. S. C. Harding. In the midst of the feasting it fell to his lot to receive and to read a telegram sent, we are told in hushed tones, from Sandringham by command of the Prince of Wales, to the following

"Once again it is my privilege to convey the Prince of Wales's good wishes to those assembled at his birthday banquet. His Royal Highness congratulates the company on having secured such an excellent chairman as Colonel Howard Vincent. I am to add that the Prince, who is very pleased with all the agrangements submitted, hopes the banquet may, if possible, prove a success even greater than those of previous years."

This message is signed by Sir Dighton Probyn, a soldier of distinction, who discharges the important functions of Controller of the Prince's Household. It is not precisely a State paper, but it will bear looking at for a moment. The reader across the Atlantic will perhaps be struck by the lyrical note at the beginning-"once again it is my privilege, etc."-as if Sir Dighton Probyn had during the last twelvemonth been waiting im-patiently for the hour waen these loyal subjects should again assemble in his and their master's honor. The Aristarchus who presides over the interesting discussions in your columns upon points of grammar and the use of the English language in general may take note of an expression open to criticism. The Prince is "very pleased." ise of the intensive adverb with the participial adjective is, I think, confined to England. In America we say, correctly, "Very much pleased."

A Controller of the Household of the Prince of Wales and a soldier of distinction may well enough be, like Sigismund, above grammar. The laws of syntax curtsey to great kings and princes and to the heads of princely households; and very often to the British nation in general. If they do not surfsey of their own good will, they are made to bend to the convenience of a public which-Classes as well as Masses-becomes yearly more contemptuous of Lindley Murray, and of forms and rules once thought to be well settled and inviolable by those who had a care for the noble language which we in America are so often, and sometimes so justly, accused of corrupting.

But this digression detains you too long from the licensed tradesmen's answer to Sir Dighton Probyn, which I will give you, and then return for a moment to the royal message itself for one particular object. In the report of these proceedings which is before me, the historical style, in ceedings which is before me, the historical style, in
its most dignified form, is preserved throughout.
We are told: "The following response was sent
by telegraph."

"Your telegram conveying the good wishes of

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the Prince of Wales has been received with the utmost enthusiasm by the 250 warrant-holders present, who desire to thank His Royal Highness for his gracious kindness, and respectfully to

give expression to their loyal duty." Now this last phrase may seem to the freeborn American a trifle abject. There are among this ancient people many forms of speech which, regarded critically or analytically, may seem abject. have known an eminent American, saturated with the Declaration of Independence, who, having occasion to address a formal letter to a Peer of the Realm, stood out against beginning his letter with the words "My Lord." I have known another who thought it inconsistent with Republican principles to end an epistic with the purely conventional formula: "I am, sir, your obedient servant." I have known a third to whom the use of the word "Sir" in speaking to a male royalty was repugnant, and when he was reminded that in his own country he used it to ail men, his answer was: "Yes, but I needn't if I don't like, and to the Prince I must,"

I will not pursue these excursions. They are attractive, but they would lead us too far. It is enough to say, with reference to the phrase loyal duty," that no London tradesman would understand the American objection to it. His language, or the language in which he addresses his customers, is frequently the language of servility; not of civility merely. It is true both of spoken and written language, though more true, or more often true, of his writing than of his speaking. The word duty recurs, with the which the 250 warrant-holders use to the Prince. It is as likely as not that the first bill sent in to you on your first visit to London will arrive "with Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson's humble duty." Or perhaps Messrs. Smith "present their humble duty." Or they acknowledge your order for a new hat with the assurance that your esteemed favor shall have their best attention, and awaiting your further commands they remain your most obedient humble servants. If you examine the items of your account you may be of opinion that these manifestations of humility have each a tariff of their own; the more lowly the phrase the higher the charge. Thus are the relations between tradesman and customer adjusted. The Prince pays more than anybody; it is natural, therefore, that the eminent extortioners who charge him double should bend double before

My object in returning, as I promised, to the message first quoted, is to linger a moment over the name of Coionel Howard Vincent, who presided at the warrant-holders' banquet. "Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galere?" broad is the distinction in this class-ridden country between tradesmen-which means those who keep retail stores-and society that any accidental or momentary contact between them excites remark. They might meet in the cricket field, or for charitable purposes; hardly otherwise, except with a counter between them. Colonel Charles Edward Howard Vincent, C. B., is both a warrior and a legislator. He has been a lieutenant in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, was then captain in the Royal Berks Militia, and is now colonel of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers. He is member for the Central Division of Sheffield, an important constituency. He has the noblest principles, and is in favor of progress with peace, empire, and liberty. This is his own account of his principles, and he ought to know. He is, beside all this, a magistrate for Middlesex, and for the city and liberty of Westminster. He is he most important member of the Fair Trade party in this country; perhaps the only member. And yet, as you see, he sits at meat at the Criterion with 250 warrant-holders, and gives toasts and makes speeches, and, I dare say, had a good dinner and a pleasant evening.

Is this one more sign of the progress of democracy in this country? Or is Colonel Vincent so sure of his position on those social heights where ne is wont to dwell, and in the upper air he habitually breathes, that he can gently and safely descend for once to that lower earth, trodden by the feet of royal upholsterers and jewellers and tailors and harness-makers? I know not. Things occur in this country with respect to which it were rash indeed for any one not a subject of Her Majesty to presume to have-or still more to express-an opinion.

THREE BURGLARS IN ONE NIGHT.

BUT A MUSCULAR CITIZEN VANQUISHES THEM

ALL AND SCORNS THE POLICE.

The adventures that citizens have with burglars are not always made known to the public through police channels. Some of them are not made known at all. A wealthy citizen had a series of three adventures with them the other night, and no one would have known anything about them had he not told the story

The citizen referred to is Mr. Simson (without a "p") who lives in a large and pretentious-looking house in West Twenty-second-st. He is building some large apartment-houses in West Twenty-fourth-st. latter fact may serve as a means of identification among his friends, if any of them do not recognize him as Mr. Simson (without a "p").

Mr. and Mrs. Simson went to the theatre on the night of the adventures, and then joined some friends at supper after the play. Consequently it was late when they reached home, which they did on foot, both preferring the short walk to riding. Mr. Simson, it should be explained, has something of a contempt for the average policeman, whom he regards as a creature who is wofully ignorant when not deplorably corrupt. Mr. Simson is a large man, powerfully built, strong as an ox, brave as a lion, and a good boxer. In college he was a clever all-round athlete.

When Mr. and Mrs. Simson quietly entered the front door with their latch-key, they heard a slight noise at the sideboard in the dining-room, in the rear of the parlors, where there was a dim light. "I'll bet so of the servants are snooping," whispered Mr. Simson to his wife, as they tiptoed through the hall toward the dining-room. Reaching the door, they saw a man wearing a black mask over the upper part of his face. so busily engaged in piling silverware together that he had not heard the couple enter the house. burglar's back was toward Mr. Simson, who, as quietly as a mouse, advanced to idm. As the robber straightened up Mr. Simson seized him by the throat with a grip-like that of a vice. The burglar struggled, but he might as well have tried to escape from the hug of a grizzly bear. He could not utter a sound. With his left hand grasping the robber's throat, Mr. Simson with his right fist rained stunning blows upon the other's head and face, until he sunk to the floor unconscious. Then, turning, he found that his wife had fainted. A dash of water in the face soon revived her. Hardly a minute had passed since the robber was discovered, and so quietly had Mr. Simson punished scarcely a sound had been made. Mr. Simson took up the burglar in his arms, carried him out of the front door, and sat him down on the sidewalk.

Rejoining his wife the couple went up the thickly carpeted stairs. "Well, I'll be hanged!" exclaimed Mr. Simson as they reached their room. The exclama-tion was caused by the sight of a second masked burglar, who was engaged in emptying the contents of jewel boxes into his capacious pockets. but ran against Mr. Simson's fist, which had shot forward with tremendous force. The burglar dropped to the floor senseless, with a heavy groun, Footstepts were heard quickly descending the stairs from the third floor, and Mr. Simsta: was astonished to see a third burgler coming down in long leaps, having see a third during country and in long leaps, having evidently been aroused by the noise in Mr. Simson's room. He seized this robber by the throat also, and with many a muttered oath proceeded to pound him as he did the first. When the robber looked as if he had been through a sausage machine Mr. Simson ceased his blows, and threw the man bodily down the stairs. Although burt badly he was heard to scramble up, rush down the next flight, and depart by the front door. The other robber was recovering consciousness as Mr. Simson returned to his room, but he was held by the throat until the jeweis which he had taken were empired from his pochets. Mrs. Simson had fainted again, and her husband let her remain where she was while he escorted the now revived robber to the front door, out of which he throw him as if fired from a catapuit. He picked himself up and ran quickly down the street. Mr. Simson then returned to his wife, whom he soon again restored to consciousness. Her nerves were considerably

AFOOT IN NEW-ENGLAND.

RAMBLING NOTES OF A WEEK'S WALK UP THE CONNECTICUT RIVER VALLEY.

Although my tour was supposed to be accomplished wholly on foot, I have to confess to riding part of one forenoon in a stage. I eased my conscience thus: That it looked like rain; that I had special reasons for wishing to get to Brattleboro that day, and besides, I wanted a ride in a stage just for the sake of riding in one. But in some points my ride in the stage was less agreeable than walking would have been, first of which was that the stage started at the wholly unnatural hour of 5 o'clock in the morning. I was staying that night at a farm-house owned

by a friend whom I had discovered, and, with the ghastly vision of that unearthly 5 o'clock start in my mind, I went to bed early-at haifpast 9. I had been in bed about ten minutes when my friend rapped on the door and told me that it was 5 o'clock. I came to the surface of the feather-bed, got up and with the aid of a match consulted the clock and found that he was right. I dressed and went down, ate a few pieces of pie and took a front seat with the driver in the stage. It spoke well for the good sense of the community that there were no other passengers. I shrunk inside of the big fur overcoat which I had borrowed and envied the African explorer. He never had to get up at 5 o'clock in the morning. To be sure, I was forced to admit he might meet roaring lions, but roaring lions were nothing to coming out of a feather-bed at 5 o'clock in the morning.

It was beginning to get light and I cultivated the driver. He was a man who never disputed a statement made to him, nor, on the other hand, ever believed one. Much driving of stage had made him wise in this regard. He said that he had driven for forty years. He swore but little, and, it seemed to me, with great discrimination. His stage had four wheels, two seats and a top and it was drawn by two horses. The "off" horse moved with a swinging gait, like a brindled cow, never looking to the right nor the left, and, though he seemed hopelessly to mix up his legs, he never made a misstep. The other horse attempted more style, but you couldn't depend on him. He carried his head high and looked around at the scenery a good deal, but he was no such horse for a stage as the other. The day before he had developed the bad habit of occasionally striking one of his hind feet against the opposite ankle-"korking himself," the driver called it, by which I suppose he meant that he hurt himself with one of the sharp points or calks on his shoe. On these occasions he would hold up his injured foot for some little distance and travel on three legs. His carriage at these times was striking, but not dignified; still he seemed to get along just as well, and I suggested to the driver that he keep one or two of his legs tied up in a sling all the time, and let them down when the others were tired, something on the principle of Baron Munchausen's dog, and he replied that there might be something in it, though I could see that he never intended to try it. He said that he had a leather gaiter which he would put on the horse's leg and stop his foolishness.

The morning was cold and partly cloudy, with ponds and rivers of fog in the valleys. Sometimes we would go down through one of these valleys full of fog and drive half a mile or so in it and then come out and look back and imagine we were in a balloon above the clouds-at least I did, and the driver didn't definitely state that he did not imagine it. We had gone some three or four miles, and it was much lighter, though not yet sunrise, when a man came out of a house and gave the driver a letter to mail and also a quart bottle, saying, as he did so, that he wanted the same. The driver sagaciously smelled of the cork and said all right, and we drove on. The reader may remember that the State of Vermont enjoys the benefits of an unsaid to me, "and what we use in our family exclusively, is this 'ere rock 'n' rye. You see, they take good rye whiskey and dissolve rock candy in it, an' that gives it body an' flavor an' makes a very smooth drink. I get it from Boston, freight paid, in four gallon cases. It is smooth stuff, and slips down my throat like butter through a tin horn." We plunged through the fog-filled valleys and toiled up the cold, clammy hills for little time struggled through the clouds and lighted un the rivers of fog: and they looked as if the soft, fleecy cloud-banks of a summer afternoon had come down into the valleys to visit the streams of sparkling water which leaped over the rocks at their bottoms. We came around the winding road far up on the side of a high hill and two valleys united almost at our feet and then stretched away ten miles to the southeast as one-half-filled with visiting cloud winding away snow-white and fleecy as far as the eye could reach, all lighted by the morning sun peeping above a sullen-looking black cloud. I knew that it was dangerous, but I could not refrain from speaking of the beauty of the scene spread out before us. The driver took a light cut with the whip at the nigh horse on general principles, and

without looking at the scene, replied: "Yes, fine country-darn' good corn land." Every two or three miles it seemed to me we stopped at a little country postoffice. Sometimes there was a crossroads village, at which places the postoffice was usually in the store; at other places there was no attempt at a town, and it was in an isolated farmhouse. The driver would carry in the mailbag and the postmaster would unlock it, and together they would look over the contents and sort out what was intended for that office. In perhaps the majority of cases women were either the postmasters, or at least deputies. At Yucatan we waited for the postmistress to finish washing her dishes, but at Honduras the lady in charge was waiting for us, and came out and got the sack and brought it back, giving the driver a chance to refill his pipe. The driver was given a number of packages to deliver here and there, and was intrusted with numberless errands, ranging from the conveying of word from the postmaster at Eagle Grove to the Hon. Moses Spencer that he (the postmaster) would support him (the Hon. Moses) for county treasurer to the selecting of two yards of pink calico for a woman near Websterville. At last we reached Blue Pond, which was half way, and where we were to change horses and drivers. As we drove up to the barn an old lady, who looked to be fully eighty years old, came across the street with a quart bottle in her hand. "See that?" she said. "Well, I want that filled with Medford rum-remember, Medford. I've got malary an' rheumatiz, and the Lord only knows what, and of brandy was placed before it. The turkey would I won't never get over 'em till I have some Med-

The new driver was the son of the old driver. He was more credulous than his father, but his profanity lacked the precision which marked that of the older man. He swore enough-in fact, too much, if anything-but it was not always germane to the matter. The new horses did not differ materially from the old ones. The boy informed his father that one of them had eaten up his halter in the night, rope and all, and was just starting on his barness when discovered. I thought of the dyspeptice who would give anything for such an appetite. When we started again we had two new passengers who sat on the back seat and held their feet in their laps, the lox of the wagon being by this time full of packages, with a light sprinkling of bottles and mail-hags. The driver was well acquainted with the new passengers, and soon announced to then that he meant a cow. He didn't want no old keow, with her teeth all out and horns loose, but a likely young critter about four years old that to the matter. The new horses did not differ

was a good milker, and wouldn't kick the daylights out of a feller during the process of extracting the heretal fluid. The passengers thought
a while, and then guessed that Sam Osgood might
have a keow of just about that description. We
soon came to a postofice, and the driver went
in. Then the passengers nudged each other with
their respective elbows and laughed. They kindly
explained the cause of their mirth to me. It
seemed that the night before that the driver had
been to a party at Ed Brown's, and they had
several diverting games. One of these was
to kick a half-bushel measure up to
the ceiling, it being represented as a difficult but
not impossible feat, bringing great honor to the
successful kicker. But it was arranged in some
way, I could not fully understand how, so that
when a person kicked the half-bushel, instead of
it's sailing ceilingward he would land heavily on
the floor on his back. Everybody was judiciously
shy of it except our young driver. He announced
that he could kick it to the ceiling with one foot
tied behind his back. So he got into position
and hit the gulleless half-bushel a kick which
would have overturned a stone wall, then he
smote the floor with his back so that the report
was heard over at Ralph Knight's. It was cousidered the best joke at Blue Pond since Asa Hammond's wife chased him down the street with the
tongs.

There was not much excitement during the rest

There was not much excitement during the rest of the trip. The driver and the passengers settled down to discussing the various entertaining scandals which were agitating the neighborhood at the time. They did not try to brag about the wickedness of the community, but merely talked it over among themselves as a matter of course. If all they said were true it was certainly the most immoral neighborhood of which I had ever heard. If there was any morality at all among the people except that possessed by the driver and the two passengers I did not hear of it. Just before we got to Brattleboro we came to a queer-shaped carriage standing by the side of the road, which was driven by a thin, nervous young man who was much agitated over the sickness of one of his horses. We stopped and all got out and examined the horse and shook our heads and looked gloomy, and told him impossible things to do and then climbed back in the stage.

"What you doin in these parts?" asked the tall passenger. There was not much excitement during the rest

tall massenger. "Visiting the country stores," replied the young

man. "What you sellin'?" inquired the short pas-

senger.
"Medicine."
"Hah," said the driver, knowingly, "why don't
"Hah," said the driver, knowingly, "why don't
you give some of your medicine to your hoss?"

you give some of your medicine to your hoss?"

"I don't want to kill the horse," replied the
thin young man, plaintively but firmly.

Then we drove on and left him.

THE LITTLE JOKE OF A BIG DOG.

LEADING HIS DAPPER MASTER AN EXASPERAT ING CHASE IN THE STREETS.

A dapper little man, evidently "dressed in his best suit of clothes," led a huge Newfoundland dog out of the basement door of a big brownstone Fifth-ave, house not long ago. A bright nickel-plated chain attached to a handsome silver collar which was fastened about the dog's neck with a jewelled padlock served as a leading string, holding the big animal to its small owner. The dog's coat had been combed until it shone, his feet were clean, his sides were plump. The best blood of his race flowed in his veins. He evidently knew not what hunger or thirst meant, and he slept on warm rugs under a roof that never leaked. And still he did not look perfectly happy. He walked along sedately enough at the end of his chain for a time, and the pride his master took in the brute's handsome appearance was apparent from the number of times he looked him over, from the black tip of his moist nose to the waving end of his bushy tall, at intervals of about one minute.

The dog's air was listless. He had evidently had a surfeit of feeding and combing and admiration.

Presently a watering-cart approached, sprinkling the dusty street with a generous shower. The Newfoundland's eyes sparkled a little and his ears were pricked up. As the pleasant sound of the falling was came louder, his bushy tail curled up higher and igher, and his whole appearance betokened interest. Just as the cart passed the pair the dog gave a sudden and mighty bound that dragged the chain through the little man's hand as if it had been greased. "Hi, there, Carlo! Come back, sir!" shouted the

master as he ran after the dog, who was making straight for the water-cart. The little man was quick on his legs and could run like a sprinter, he was not "in it" with the dog, who was under the streaming water having a delightful bath before any

evident desire of fawning upon him. The dog turned with almost a grin on his face, and running under the sprinkler again, calmly followed the cart at a walk, while the water soaked him to the skin, for several blocks. Whenever the little men, thoroughly distressed and disgusted, showed signs of seizing the chain and ending the fun, Carlo would make a dash for the dust, where a quick roll would insure his liberty again. The pair passed out of sight, still playing this little game. little game.

HER WOMAN'S WILL DEFEATED HIM.

A theatrical man tells the following story. did not attempt to vouch for its truth, so the several miles when the sun arose and after some does not, merely giving it here for what it is worth as an illustration of a woman's will. The man who told the story also disclosed the names of those about whom it is related, but owing to the doubt about the absolute veracity of the tale it would not be fair to mention the names. Suffice it to say that one was an actor and the other an actress, and both very well known to the public. So call the Actor Y. - because that is about as far as one can get from his name, and the actress Miss A. -because her name is nothing like that either.

Miss A. - besides being perhaps the most promient character in the play was also the stage man ger, and it was she who regulated Mr. Y. — 's salary.

Now Y. — had long contended that his salary was not one-half what it should be, and Miss A. lared as firmly that this was neither here nor there, for the salary would remain unchanged. dition of affairs did not make the two love each other as good Christians are expected to do. Such scenes as these (behind the flies of course) became frequent:

"When are you going to raise my salary?

"All right, then. I leave you to-morrow." "Very well, why don't you?" Or the war might be varied to this form :

"Are you going to raise my salary this week?" " No."

G No. 2 "When?"

That determined "never' was a disagreeable check to argument. Finally Y-- worked out a sub-plot in the play. In one act he, the noble hero, carried Miss A-- from a top story to the ground down a ladder. One night when this scene came on he stepped upon the first round of the ladder as usual holding in his arms his fair burden. But instead of combre down quickly as usual as a vigorous, invincible hero should, he

as usual as a vigorous, invincible hero should, he stopped.

"Now." he whispered in her ear, "raise my salary."
"Never."
"Raise my salary or I drop you."
Here was a crisis. Two things were in danger—the success of the scene and the actresse's bones.

"Raise my salary or I drop you." The "house" was waiting. Miss A——closed her eyes.

"Never!" she said, and he carried her safely down the ladder.

The opening ceremony of the festivities connected with Thanksgiving Day in a part of Central New-York used to be, and perhaps still is, making drunk the turkey that was to be the most important feature of the holiday feast. When the bird that was to occupy the place of honor on the table had been selected it was taken to one corner of the farmyard and a cup drink this eagerly and would then give a first-class exhibition of being on a "tear" of the funciest kind.

GETTING THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY DRUNK.

He would staggeringly strat up and down, his wings trailing on the ground. At one time he would seem to look extremely wise, and then would appear to be overcome with the hilarious aspect of his condition. In the meantime the other towis would look on with gravity and wonder at the curious capers of their companion as he toddled around, sometimes gravely swing

290 FIFTH AVENUE.

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style. The assortment includes SCHOOL AND DRESS SUITS, OVERCOATS, REEFERS, ULSTERS, &c., for Boys from 6 to 18 years of age, and many lines of fancy suits for little fellows. Also complete OUTFITTING DEPARTMENT for Boys' NECKWEAR, HOSIERY, &c., and a large line of STIFF AND SOFT FELTS, and CLOTH HATS and CAPS. The goods are all marked at PRICES TO MEET THE CLOSEST COMPETITION.

## ROYALTIES IN PARIS.

DOM PEDRO AND ABOU NADDARA-CARDI-NAL LAVIGERIE.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

Paris, November 7. Republican capital though it is, this city is yet the Mecca of all the royalties of Europe. There are always more royalties here than in any other capital, and at times there are so many of them that it looks as though a universal monarchical congress was being held. And, indeed, why should they not come here? There is no place where they can have a better time. There is no place where they can meet more people of distinction. There is no place, either, where they can get more courteous and considerate treatment, both at publie and at private hands; though of toadying to them there is none. Republican Paris is entirely willing to overlook their misfortune of royal birth and treat them just as cordially as though they were plain "Citizens."

Among those who are here at present, none deserves more consideration than M. Pedro d'Alcantara, who up to a year ago was known as Dom Pedro II, Emperor of Brazil. He is having a Opital time, and is not at all likely to spend Saturday of next week in mournful seclusion, albeit that will be the first anniversary of the revolution which made him a crownless, or throneless, exile. One might well believe that this amiable old gentleman has forgotten all about that episode, and, indeed, all about his years of sovereignty; and has persuaded himself that he has always been simply a private gentleman of domestic habits and scientific tastes. Despite his age and his uncertain health, he is enjoying Paris to the full. Every day sees him going about from place to place with the interest and vigor of a young man. day he is at the Invalides, contemplating the tomb of Bonaparte. The next day finds him at the Academy of Sciences, taking active interest in its proceedings and presenting to it a priceless collection of autographs? The third day sees him studying ethnology at the Trocadero, and meteorology from the top of the Eissel Tower. The next day finds him in the picture galleries of Versailles, and also at the College de l'Eudistes, where his grandchildren are being educated. Next week he will go to Cannes for the winter; but he proposes to improve every hour of the present week in Paris.

The other day Dom Pedro presided at a lecture on Oriental Poets, delivered by the famous Sheikh Abou Naddara, who is now a permanent resident of Paris. The Sheikh was one of the State of Vermont enjoys the benefits of an uncompromising prohibition of the liquor traffic. I talked with the driver and found that he did much toward allaying the thirst along his line. He merely acted as agent and common carrier between the thirsty one and the State agent for the sale of liquors for medical purposes at the end of his route. He remarked, as he flipped his whiplash at a thistle by the side of the road, that State agents were human, thereby, I suspect, stating a great truth. Personally the driver got his stimulant from Boston. "What I like," he will a more than the stimulant from Boston. "What I like," he will be a more than the stimulant from Boston. "What I like," he will be a more than the stimulant from Boston. "What I like," he will be a more than the stimulant from Boston. "What I like, "he will be stimulant from Boston." What I like, "he will be stimulant from Boston. "What I like, "he will be stimulant from Boston." What I like, "he will be stimulant from Boston. "What I like, "he will be stimulant from Boston." What I like, "he sprinker again, calmiy followed the cart at a sprink was for the resident of Paris. The Sheigh was oben't the leaders of the revolt in Egypt of which Arabi leaders, and time to wink. As his master approached out from under the cataract and rolled over and over in from under the cataract and rolled over and over in from under the cataract and rolled over and over in from under the cataract and rolled over and over in from under the cataract and rolled over and over in the did time to which a shall be done and very mass of water and dust, and his appearance was so changed from what it had been a mount of luxury coupled with his master approached out to make a grab at the trailing chain, Carlo dured out from under the cataract and rolled over and over in the dust of the dustry coupled with his dust, and his appearance was so changed from what it had been a mount of the state of the revolt in Egypt of which Arabi leaders of the revolt in Egypt of which Arabi leaders leaders of the revolt in Egypt of which Arabi Pacha was the ostensible head; indeed, the Sheikh was really the soul and mainspring of the with me. I accordingly tried a revolution. It failed, and here I am!" "Ah!" said the ex-Emperor, with a smile, "that explains it. But I am here because some one else tried a revolution which was successful!"

Another visitor, who is not royal, but is a Prince of the Church, is Monsignor Lavigerie, the Cardinal Archbishop of Carthage. He is as much in earnest as ever in his anti-slavery crusade, and intends to spend the rest of his life in Europe. working for that cause. He can do ten times as much for it here as in Carthage. Besides, he is

weary of life in Africa, and wants to remain in his native country in his old age. Not that he is savery old; only sixty-five. But after all sixty-five is old, and especially to a man who has done so much hard work in foreign lands. Cardinal Lavigerie was, by the way, a fellow-student with Ernest Renan at the Seminary of St. Nicholas, of which institution the Abbe Dupanloup, afterward famous as the Bishop of Orleans, was principal. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1847 by Archbishop Afre, who was killed soon afterward on a Paris barrieade while trying to effect a reconciliation between the two contending parties. Abbe Lavigerie was Professor of Latin literature at the Ecole des Carmes, and afterward of ecclesiastical history at the Sorbonne. While he held the latter place the society which had just been formed for the advancement of French interests in the East by means of Catholic schools was advised by Father Ravignan to obtain his co-operation. Thus began his connection, which has scarcely been interrupted since, with the East. When the massacre of the Christians occurred in Syria during the winter of 1859-60, Abbe Lavigrie was sent out to distribute the relief so argently required. A sum of about \$600,000 was subscribed in France, and the ability which Abbe Lavigerie showed in its distribution earned for hm the Legion of Honor, so rarely given to ecclesiastics, from Napoleon HI, and the post of Prelate in the Pontineal Household from Fius IX. But he only accepted this latter function upon condition that he should be allowed to retain the management of the Eastern Schools Association, and found a second one at Rome itself.

Two years later he was appointed to the Bishopric of Nancy, which he held until the death, in 1866, of Monsignor Pavy, Archbishop of Algiers, when Marshal MacMahon, at that time Governor-General of Algiers, wrote him a most compiler of the case and since been undisturbed, save by the breach which occurred between Marshal MacMahon and hinself soon after his appointment. Cardinal Lavige